

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Weekly Chat

Dear Young Friends:

Hope you have felt more reconciled to the school room this past week after reading of the good excuses I gave you for becoming restless and impatient. Besides the weather has not been quite so warm and probably you did not hear so many calls of "Come out, come out, from Mother Nature. In fact the school room would be as comfortable a place as anywhere it had a nice fire going during some of the recent chilly days. Speaking of a fire reminds me of what a real Godsend the rains have been to the districts where they were fighting forest fires. Perhaps some of you have seen living in threatened localities and must be a very nervous feeling when you see the fires in the distance not knowing what breeze might spring up to give them encouragement, or just how far they may succeed in reaching during the dark hours. Indeed they are terrible menaces and to think that most of them are started in most careless ways. Often by people throwing matches about by lighting small fires for picnic purposes and forgetting to make sure they are really out before departing, and by little kids who adore a fire to watch, and play with and yet who do not begin to realize the danger in such play—both to themselves and to their surroundings.

Of course many a forest fire is supposed to start from railway engines or other smoke stacks. However, kiddies we should grow up to understand that fires are treacherous and never to be treated carelessly. Perhaps if all folks when little had had this impression upon them, they would not grow up with the careless habits which many grownups now have. So among the many habits which we as children must try to cultivate let us add one more—Careful about fires both indoor and out. Do not carry matches about and do not ever leave an outdoor fire without being very sure that it is completely out, make certain that there is no possible way for it spreading. You must have seen many times how a breeze can fan what appears to be a dead stick into a real brick blaze, so in times of drought remember that from a very slight cause a fire can spread with amazing rapidity. The matches which are commonly used now-days are very easily lighted even in pockets. A slight friction often causes them to blaze and with the usual nails, knives, stones, whistles, etc. found in most fellows' trouser pockets it would seem a most dangerous place to carry matches. So boys beware. Forming one more good habit will do no harm and there's no knowing the amount of good which we may do by being careful about fires.

As ever, your helping chick,

UNCLE DICK

HAD A TRY

The other day, when a provincial fire brigade was giving an exhibition, a rustic walked up to the captain and asked, "I say, mister, what makes that water come out of the pipe an' go so high?"

"Well, you see, we've got a very long winded man in the farther end of the town who is engaged by the corporation to blow whenever there is a fire. We get the pipes full of water, and then he blows in the other end and forces the water through."

"He often gets tired and has to stop, and then the water stops too; and the captain additly turned the cock in the nozzle and shut off the stream."

"We need somebody to take turns with him, but we cannot find anybody with strong enough lungs to do the work. See, he is resting now."

"I say, mister, what kind of a looking chap is he?"

"Why, he looks very much like you. You remind me more of him than any man I ever saw."

"I've reckoned I could get a job like his."

"You can if you blow hard enough."

"What d'ye say?"

"He gets out a week."

"Well, how can I try? I've got a mighty good pair of lungs, an' I'd like the job."

"Well, you can put your mouth to the nozzle here, and if you can out-blow him you will be employed. Yes, we'll take you if you can blow hard enough to stop the water in the pipes."

"All right, mister, I'll try her on."

Then the greenhorn pulled off his coat, loosened a leather belt around his waist, drew a long breath, took the nozzle, in his mouth, and the captain turned the full force of the water on the blower. He picked up two streets away five minutes later, spouting like a whale.

When he came to sufficiently to talk, he remarked, "Well, hang me if that fellow can't out-blow me! I think I'll keep on harvesting at 2s. a day, an' drinking when I want it. This air the first time I ever drank a barrel of water, an' I wasn't dry neither."

Wantano: "Why do you call that boy of yours 'Plunder'?"

Dunno: "Because he just naturally shrinks from washing."

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Any boy or girl under sixteen years of age may join by sending in his or her name, address, birthday and age.

For convenience the coupon printed below will be found occasionally on our page and may be filled out and mailed along with your letter to Uncle Dick, care of The Standard.

I wish to become a member of the Children's Corner.

My Name is

Address

Birthday

I was born in the year 19.....

Answers to Letters

CYRIL F.—So pleased to get your letter and to hear of your good times. How fortunate that there are enough of you fellows near together, so that you can have a club. What do you do with the letters which we print there are plenty of needs though to dispose of all you collect. Good luck to all and I shall hope to hear more later.

FRANCES G.—You are a very good printer for such a wee member and that is certainly very pretty note paper which you received on your birthday. Perhaps I shall get some more of it too?

DOB M.—Perhaps you are a joker anyway if you have been interested in our page for so long you should know that you are much too old to be a member. The letters which we print are seldom requested by the writers to be on our page.

EVELYN M. T.—You write a most interesting letter and as usual the writing itself is first class. If possible at all I should like the other members to read it as you give the dates for finding several things and so they can compare their discoveries too. What luck you did have with fishing and it must be jolly fun for several to go along together.

ANNA A. A.—Your letters are always a joy to read, so nicely worded and written. The swallows' difficulties had not been mentioned before so that was real bird news and they are not the only ones who welcomed the rain. I haven't seen a Robin's nest either but as any member mentioned finding one, so perhaps the robins are becoming too clever for us.

DON H. W.—Very pleased to know you and have you join our jolly club. What a lot of eggs for one family, it is to be hoped they all agree. Billy is a fine game for these cool evenings and is great training for a fellow in every way. Hope to hear from you again soon.

BRIAN A.—You are a very regular correspondent. The quilt idea sounds interesting, hope it turns out to be a success.

SARAH E. P.—Welcome to our Corner and for an interesting letter I think you will be a valuable addition to our happy club. Such a lot of pets you have, more than anybody else I think at least among our C. C. Seven rabbits, thirteen white rats, a kitten and a dog seem a big crowd to pet, perhaps there are many of you to claim ownership and care for them too. Your writing is good for the time you have spent in school, but I feel sure you will keep on improving it. Hope for more letters from you.

VIDA F.—Your cheery letter was full of outdoor news and you do enjoy the bi-weekly letter. The little verses seem early this year, I mean the lilacs and early blossoms. After the good rains lately your garden will show real signs of life. The little verses about chicks on our page today should suit you when you have eight little chicks. Enjoyed your letter very much. Write again.

ELIZABETH T.—Very pleased to enroll you among the new friends and hope the little verses and that we may become better acquainted.

LITTLE CHICKENS.

(G. Frank Burns)

Pretty little chickens, downy, cute and small,

You are sweet and lovely—feathers, head, and all,

Come and come a-running, jump onto my hand—

Run your bills against me, kiss me if you can,

Do you think I'd hurt you? No, no, no, I won't,

"Cause you're cute and pretty; now you see, I don't."

Cuddle close, yet closer; I'm as good as I can be,

O, you're mine to keep and fondle, I don't hurt you, chickens, see?

I throw no stones at birds, nor a word of ill to chickens, too,

I just love you all the harder, when the boys throw sticks at you.

Go now, to your mother. She is waiting in the yard,

Aren't they cute? What beauties! And I love them, love them, too.

High Gams.

"My time," said the magpie, "is worth \$100 a minute."

"Well," answered his friend casually, "let's go out this afternoon and play \$10,000 or \$15,000 worth of golf."

Twenty-one birds are mentioned in the Bible: The bittern, cormorant, crane, cuckoo, dove, eagle, hawk, heron, kite, owl, partridge, pelican, pigeon, quail, raven, sparrow, swallow, swan, stork, turtle dove and vulture.

"That is correct," said Miss Flossie, "and, oh, Flossie, there is Professor Frog and his whole family right down there by the big stone. Let us keep real quiet and hear what he has to say."

"He sounds like he might be cross," whispered the little girl, "but, no, no, he is not. He is saying, 'chug, chug, chug.' It is just because we do not know what they are saying. Now, what do you suppose the fairies will do?"

"Well, we shall watch for them to-night and I dare say if it keeps this warm that the fairies will have a good time," said the little girl, "now hunting little violets for caps and white lily dresses. You never saw them? Of course not. They only come out at night. They only come out at night and do not leave until the sun comes up."

"Chug, chug, chug," said the family of frogs. And I just know that was a hearty invitation to Flossie to come to the party, for she saw them from the porch all right; for Miss Flossie called her when the little folk began dancing.



The Impromptu Fire Brigade A PICNIC BY THE BROOKSIDE

One of the jobs that Ted and Helen loved as dry as bones and they'll burn beautifully.

"Come now," said Ted, "I'll get some paper to start with and you get the matches."

A couple of minutes later, the children were about to set fire to the paper, kindling and matches, when Helen exclaimed: "Oh Ted, we haven't any rake handy!"

"What do you want a rake for, Helen?" laughed Ted, good naturedly, he struck the match and held it to the paper.

"Don't do it! Wait!" exclaimed Helen, and she reached over and blew the match out.

"Now what do you think of that?" cried Ted; "what's the idea?"

"You just wait until I run down in the cellar and get the rake," insisted Helen. "Don't you remember that Miss Norris told us never to make a fire without something handy we could put it out with, if necessary?"

Without waiting for a reply, Helen dashed away for the rake.

A few minutes later the fire was burning beautifully, and the children were enjoying the novelty of a bonfire in the middle of the winter.

They soon had enough of just looking at it, and they began a running game around in the yard. Suddenly as he stopped for breath, Ted noticed that the fire was creeping up the fence. They longed of flame crept up and up along the edges of the boards.

"Helen!" he shouted, "the fence is burning up! What ever'll we do?"

Do what the firemen told us to do for fire prevention day at school," said Helen coolly. "Spread your fire and then smother it. That's easy! And maybe I'm not glad for that!"

Even as he spoke, Helen grabbed the rake and pulled what was left of the remaining unburned trash away from the fence. Ted picked up a board and beat the flames off the fence, while Helen spread the bonfire about the half turned leaves with the flat side of the rake. In a minute the fire was out, the fence was only very slightly damaged and everything else was as good as new.

"You know," said Ted, thoughtfully, "as the children gathered the leaves together to finish the burning—safely away from the house—Ted noticed that the fireman came to school on prevention day. I thought it was an awfully silly idea. But I don't now."

"Of course, it wasn't silly," Helen replied. "If he hadn't told us what to do that fence might have been burning yet. Nobody ought to start a fire unless they know how to put it out. And he helped light the second fire, that, safely guarded, burned up the last of the rubbish."

FAIRIES WITH LANTERNS.

"Chug, chug, chug," sang something down in the cool, mossy woods, "Chug, chug, chug."

"Now what is that?" said Flossie to the lady teacher who boarded at the same farm house back on the hill. "I do not think it could be a bird. Do you?"

Miss Everson smiled. She was so good to children, and was very, very fond of Flossie who was spending the summer on the Laurels Farm.

"I think, Flossie," she said laughingly, "that we will find out if it is Professor Frog if we just find him out. I dare say he is sitting on a log, calling all the little fairies to him to tell them about the banquet tonight. I am sure there will be a party on the bog, for this was a very warm day, then we had a nice rain and usually after dark on such days as this the fairies come out with their lanterns and they dance down here and you can see them from the porch up there."

"That is correct," said Miss Everson, "and, oh, Flossie, there is Professor Frog and his whole family right down there by the big stone. Let us keep real quiet and hear what he has to say."

"He sounds like he might be cross," whispered the little girl, "but, no, no, he is not. He is saying, 'chug, chug, chug.' It is just because we do not know what they are saying. Now, what do you suppose the fairies will do?"

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On His First Mistake.

"Say," remarked the peevish party at the table, "how long have you been working in this restaurant?"

"Six weeks," she replied, the waiter, "I beg your pardon," apologized the peevish party. "Then it wasn't you I ordered that steak from?"

The Cynical Composer.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown was the scene of a beautiful wedding reception. Among the guests were the young couple, Margaret, who joined in wedlock to Mr. David Preston. Quoted from a Western paper by the Boston Transcript.

A PICNIC BY THE BROOKSIDE

Down under the great apple trees in Grandfather's orchard was a little village. You can imagine just what a little town would look like with some houses in a long row under the beautiful green trees. They were really small houses with great doors in them and in every house there was a big fat gray duck.

Then one day a strange family came to live in the second white house. This house was a little larger than the others and had a garden in front of it. The ducks were not at all surprised when they came, and ran all the other chickens from the other houses to see the new playmates. But they all held their breath and went into the garden to see what the ducks were doing.

Never had they seen such queer neighbors. Certainly the children were beautiful, such downy yellow down, but they had broad bills and they all wore stockings and instead of talking chicken talk, they just quacked to each other and never made a sound like the other ducks.

So the chickens decided they would play with the ducklings, children, for they were tiny ducks, you know, and this made the little ducks feel very badly, for they wanted to play in the school yard, but no, the children were not kind at all.

So the mother duck said to her ducklings: "Never mind, my darlings, they are not nice chickens at all, and you just wait until it rains and we will have a picnic across the brook, for a rain brings out the snails and the little worms."

But it was days and days before the rain came and the little ducklings were growing more lonesome than ever. They were always crying and they heard their mother stirring around and she called, "Children, children, get up and get dressed. It is raining. We can have a picnic now."

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Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Puzzles

1—Enigma.
My first is in cat, but not in dog.
My second is in cut, but not in log.
My third is in ran, but not in jump.
My fourth is in rap, but not in thump.
My fifth is in pig, and also in swine.
My sixth is in clock, but not in time.
My seventh is in pure, but not in clean.
My eighth is in long, and also in team.
My ninth is in cup, but not in plate.
My tenth is in time, but not in fate.
My whole is a source of study at university.

2—Behandings.
1. Behand an animal and leave a direction.
2. Behand a means of conveyance used only in cold countries, and leave a ridge; behand again, and leave a border.
3. Behand a workman's tool, and leave a very poor dwelling.
4. Behand a kind of nail, and leave a company's salons.
5. Behand a garment usually worn outdoors, and leave a mischievous animal's toy.
6. Behand a word expressing a fixed look, and leave a weed.
7. Behand a month, and leave a form much used in buildings.
8. Behand a covering for the foot, and leave a gardener's tool.
9. Behand a child's talk, and leave a child's toy.
10. Behand an article seen on your table at every meal, and leave what you must not be at school.
11. Behand amusement, and leave a place for ships.
12. Behand that which you must always tell, and leave a girl's name.
13. Behand a sea map, and leave an animal.—Selected.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.
1—Enigma.
Curriculum.
2—Behandings.
Beast-eat.
Sledge-ledge-edge.
Shovel-hovel.
Screw-screw.
Cape-scape.
Slate-slate.
March-march.
Shoe-shoe.
Plate-plate.
Sport-sport.
Truth-truth.
Chart-chart.

RIDDLES.
What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy schoolboy?
One bails his hooks the other bates his books.
What is the most dangerous time of year to go into the country?
When the trees are shooting and the bull-rushes out.
What thing is lengthened by being cut at both ends?
A ditch.
What flower most resembles a bull's lip?
A cowslip (a cow's lip).
What does an artist like to draw best?
His salary.
What is that white never uses its teeth for eating?
A comb.
Why is the desert the best place for a hungry man?
Because of the sandwiche there.
What key is the hardest to turn?
A stubborn donkey.
Sent in by Catherine Sheppard, City.

Q—What is the smallest bridge in the world?
A—The bridge of your nose.

Q—Why is there no such thing as an entire day?
A—Because every day begins by breaking.

Q—Which travels faster—heat or cold?
A—Heat, because you can easily catch cold.

Policeman (to tramp): "I want your name and address."
Tramp (sarcastically): "Oh, yer do, yer do? Well, me name is John Smith, an' me address is Number One, the open air. If yer call on me don't trouble to knock, but just walk in."

Admits a Bigger One.
"I don't see how the press-agent of the circus that's in town today noids his job."

"His advertisements read: 'The Second Greatest Show on Turin.'"

Miss Anna Dobek, living in Chocho-low, Poland, and who recently celebrated her 123rd birthday, claims to be the oldest spinster in Central Europe.

Katherine Green, now in her 76th year, has written a total of 54 novels and 400 short stories, all dealing with mysterious crimes.

Despite the fact that she is now nearly 80 years of age, Sarah Bernhardt, the sterling French actress, is now appearing in the role of a young man.

Women aspiring for political office in Virginia must use a name. If a woman registers under the name of Mrs. John Smith, she must use that name in case she runs for any office.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a bill which has been signed by the Governor providing that the Assistant Commissioner of the Department of Labor and Industries shall be a woman.

Miss Lou Alta Melton, a University of Colorado graduate, is assistant bridge engineer of the United States Department of Public Roads, and is attached to the headquarters office at Missoula, Mont.

Lola Weber is the only American woman who writes her own photo-plays, directs her own players in the creation of her own brain, and has her own productions on the moving picture market.

Bedtime Pencil Pictures

12 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

35 34 33 32 31 28 29 17 18

27 26 25 24 23 22 21

OUT in the back yard of the place owned by Elmer is a rickety old shed that is used to keep an old wagon in. Everybody's been telling Elmer he ought to hire somebody to repair it before it falls down, but Elmer would rather do the job himself than pay anybody else, so this morning he went out with a ——— and some nails, intending to cut some old boards out and put new ones in. He slipped on a banana skin, the ——— flew out of his hand, through the kitchen window and smashed a lot of dishes on the table so he is worse off than if he'd hired somebody to do the work.

THE CHASE OF IT ALL!

THUMP!

7-129

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THUMP!

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Birthday Greetings

"May you have a very jolly celebration" is the wish for those having a birthday during the coming week. On our list are the following: D. Otis Messer, Coburn, York Co. Hazel Kennedy, Sheddin. Alice A. Graham, Canterbury Sta. Eunice Noy, City. Lloyd Jones, Hatfield Pa. Eleanor Sharp, Salisbury. Edith Branch, Burnsville. Samuel Leonard Tilly, Wellington Row, City. Gertrude Gerlach, Quarryville. Leota Smith, Long Reach. Francis Jackson—Oxford, N. B. Thelma Burlock, Annapolis. Mollie W. Frew, Sussex. Lawrence A. Bailey, Newcastle. Alexis Williston, Bay du Vin. Florence Case, Hatfield Pa. Vernon Stone, City. Frank Christiansen, City. Chipman Schofield, City. W. Laura Richards, N. B. Watson M. deMille, Truro. Row, City.